And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reprovedst me for it.

Hell. Alasse sir.

Per. Drew sleepe out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheekes,
Musings in my minde, with thousand doubts
How I might stop their tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releeve them,
I thought it princely charitie to grieve for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you have given me leave to speake,
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And justly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or private treason,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe travell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life: your Rule direct to any, if unto me, day serves not light more faithfull than Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. We'e l mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my travaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe,
The care I had and have of subjects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisedomes strength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall neere convince,
Thou shewest a subjects shine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: it is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to aske what he would of the King, desired hee might know none of his secrets. Now doe I see he had some reason for it: for if a King bid a man be a villaine, hee is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.
Husht here comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You shall not need, my fellow-Peeres of *Tyre*, further to question me of your Kings departure: his sealed Commission left in trust with me, doth speake sufficiently, hee's gone to travell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were unlicenc'd of your loves) he would depart? Ile give some light unto you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what cause I know not) took some displeasure at him, at least he judged so: and doubting that hee had erred or sinned, to shew his sorrow, he would correct himselfe; so puts himselfe unto the ship-mans toyle, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings Seas must please: hee scapte the Land, to perish at the Sea: Ile present my selfe, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message unto Princely *Pericles*; but since my landing I have understood, your Lord hath betooke himselfe to unknowne travailes, my message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reason to desire it, commended to our Master, not to us, yet ere you shall depart, this we desire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.19) Octavo